

## **A Journey 161**

### Chapter 161 Mana Storm (2)

The relentless horde of undead surged forward, propelled by their decaying legs, while the soldiers hurriedly completed their defensive preparations.

Closing in at an alarming pace, the horde closed the gap to a mere 20 meters in no time.

The air became thick with the putrid stench of rotting flesh, intermingled with the sickening scent of blood and other repulsive odors.

Taking to the skies, Archer positioned himself in front of the 600 soldiers, he was going to test if he could use his mana.

So he cast bolts made from the light element. His outstretched hands became the epicenter of a dazzling swarm of radiant energy, enveloping him in a brilliant glow.

As he focused his power, a torrential rainstorm of bolts erupted from his palm, descending upon the advancing horde with ferocity.

The radiant bolts streaked through the air, trails of ethereal light as they found their targets among the undead.

With each impact, the bolts unleashed explosive bursts of radiant energy, tearing through flesh and bone, and reducing the undead to mere fragments.

The onslaught was unrelenting, as wave after wave of bolts cascaded down upon the horde, leaving destruction in their wake.

The air crackled with the power of the light element, illuminating the battlefield with its radiant brilliance.

Under Archer's barrage, the undead ranks were decimated, their forms shattered and scattered like broken shadows.

The relentless onslaught of the light-infused bolts proved devastating, causing the demise of thousands of undead creatures.

Checking his mana reserves, he saw that he still had half his mana left. [Mana: 15300/25300]

However, a nagging realization tugged at his mind. He noticed that the amount of mana he had used was higher than usual.

"It's consuming a lot more mana than I expected. How intriguing," he murmured to himself.

Yet, despite the tremendous losses inflicted upon the undead, his heart sank as he witnessed more and more of them appear to fill the void.

The horde seemed like a never-ending tide that threatened to overwhelm the soldiers.

In the midst of the chaos, Archer's sharp eyes spotted a large group of Dullahans as they were charging toward the soldiers' right wing.

Their presence sent a chill down his spine. He knew the soldiers were in grave danger, The Dullahans thundered forward on their black steeds, crashing into the spear wall.

While they managed to inflict some casualties, many of the charging undead met their demise on the spears.

Though the line momentarily wavered, the soldiers quickly regained their footing. Realizing the urgency, the commander's voice boomed through the chaos, "Archers, fire!"

Responding to the order, a volley of arrows soared over the heads of the soldiers, finding their mark.

They slammed into the wall of the undead, momentarily halting their advance and buying precious moments for the defenders.

Archer descended swiftly to the frontline, his claws, and tail slashing through the horde with ease.

With each strike, he unleashed a combination of claws and magic attacks, meanwhile, Sera soared through the air unleashing a continuous torrent of breath that rained down upon the horde.

Each breath unleashed devastation upon the undead, scorching them with searing red flames.

In the midst of the chaos, Archer seized hold of a towering Wendigo, his strength overwhelming as he tore the monstrous creature in half, a gruesome display of his ferocity.

He unleashed a barrage of Eldritch Blasts and Plasma Missiles into the undead, causing explosions to erupt all over the battlefield.

Vibrant bursts of destructive power ripped through the undead ranks, creating a swirling maelstrom of devastation.

As he soared above the battlefield, Archer's heightened senses alerted him to an impending attack. However, it was too late to react as a death spell slammed into him with punishing force.

Sent hurtling through the air, Archer crashed into a cluster of trees not far from the ongoing battle. Sera followed, her panic evident as she hurriedly flew after him.

The impact shattered several trees as he came to a halt, crashing to the ground with a resounding thud.

Dazed and disoriented, he wondered what had struck him with such force. Struggling to raise his upper body, Archer's gaze fell upon a Deathlock standing nearby, holding a staff pointed directly at him.

It was clear that it was the one who had launched the devastating attack.

The Mana Storm intensified above them as heavy rain began to pour down, obscuring the battlefield.

Using his dragon eyes, he watched as the Deathlock prepared to cast another spell at him. Reacting swiftly, Archer cast Blink, instantly teleporting himself ten meters away from his previous position.

The Deathlock grew infuriated and retaliated by unleashing another spell, this time directed toward the soldiers.

A colossal explosion erupted, tearing through the ranks of humans, allowing the undead to surge forward, mercilessly slaughtering their prey.

Human and undead clashed in a desperate struggle, fighting tooth and nail. However, the humans were eventually overwhelmed, succumbing to their fate and joining the ranks of the dead.

Sera landed near Archer, her expression filled with deep concern. Her worried presence brought a faint smile to his lips as he appreciated her care for him.

Drawing strength from her presence, he rose to his feet, his eyes fixated on the approaching horde.

With grim determination, Archer channeled his magic, preparing to unleash a spell that he rarely used.

His voice resonated with power as he cast, "Meteor Swarm!"

After a minute a flash of light pierced through the dark clouds, and meteors began to rain down on the approaching horde.

Meteors of fire and fury fell from the heavens, crashing into the ground with a thunderous boom, engulfing the undead forces in a blaze of flame and rock.

Archer swiftly wrapped his wings around himself while he picked up Sera and held her tight.

When the meteor struck the ground, unleashing aftershocks of explosive force, he braced himself, using his wings as a shield to block the shockwaves.

The ground trembled, debris flew in all directions, and flames danced wildly, but he stood firm.

Through the deafening roar and blinding sparks, Archer remained steadfast, his wings absorbing the brunt of the assault.

His eyes gleamed with fierce resolve. The horde's progress came to an abrupt halt, their formation shattered by the devastating spell.

As the onslaught subsided and the dust settled, he lowered his wings. The battlefield lay in ruins, a testament to the overwhelming power of the meteor storm.

He spotted the remaining soldiers looking at the boy in disbelief before hastily withdrawing. Among the 600 Nethanian soldiers, only a little over 200 managed to survive the encounter.

They swiftly reassembled and started to retreat, determined to prevent the undead forces from regaining their advantage.

As they hurried along the road, their hearts pounding with fear, a colossal and horrifying creature emerged, blocking their path with its towering presence.

He caught sight of the creature, and a memory resurfaced that the old Archer passed down to him.

A Nightwalker is a nightmarish abomination that torments the deepest recesses of one's darkest dreams.

Its contorted limbs writhe and twist in an unholy fashion, while long, dark horns protrude from its skull, adding to its terrifying visage.

Its presence alone exudes a malevolence that permeates the very essence of one's being, inflicting an unyielding dread that grips the soul.

This monstrous entity, with its sinewy form pulsating and writhing with sinister energy, appears as a manifestation of darkness itself.

It feeds on the fears of its victims, growing stronger with their terror. Its bloodshot, vacant eyes hunger endlessly, consuming the sanity of those who meet its gaze.

Jagged fangs, tainted with the remnants of grotesque feasts, protrude from its elongated jaw.

The Nightwalker embodies horror itself, instilling an indescribable fear that sends shivers down the spines of all who witness it.

Its existence defies understanding, a twisted fusion of nightmares given form.

Archer was taken aback as he caught sight of the creature, realizing that only a powerful Necromancer could summon such a being.

Perched on his shoulder, Sera trembled in fear upon spotting it. Archer gently reassured her, providing comfort in the face of this horrifying presence.

Overhearing the soldiers' conversation, their voices filled with panic:

"By the Goddess, is that a Nightwalker?!"

"Just look at it! It reeks of pure evil."

"We must flee from here, immediately!"

But before anyone could do anything it looked directly at Archer who stepped back, the Mana Storm intensified overhead with thunder and lightning exploding.

The rain started pouring even more as the Nightwalker started sprinting toward the group of soldiers who tried to run away.

The wind made the whole situation worse as Archer started casting light bolts at the incoming beast.

He released a relentless flurry of Bolts, each one charged with the vibrant energy of the light element.

However, to his astonishment, the Nightwalker shrugged off the attack as if it were a mere nuisance, its dark form unscathed.

Without hesitation, it charged forward, its monstrous presence overwhelming the soldiers.

With a terrifying strength, it plowed through their ranks, tearing them apart like puppets in its path.

The air filled with the agonized cries of the soldiers as they were mercilessly crushed by the Nightwalker's relentless onslaught.

Archer's heart sank as he witnessed the devastation unfolding before him. The soldiers fought valiantly, but the creature's sheer power proved too overwhelming for them.

Chapter 162 The Deathlock

Amidst the torrential rain, deafening thunder, and intensifying mana storm, the Nightwalker descended upon the soldiers with horrifying ferocity.

Its claws tore through flesh and armor alike, rending bodies apart with gruesome ease.

Blood splattered in every direction, mingling with the rain, as the creature unleashed a merciless onslaught upon the soldiers.

The thunderous roars of the blood-soaked creature echoed through the chaos, drowning out the screams. With each swipe, it inflicted unimaginable carnage upon the already battered and weary humans.

The rain poured relentlessly, washing away the fallen soldier's blood as the Nightwalker reveled in the darkness.

It seemed to grow stronger with every strike, fueled by the terror it instilled in the hearts of those who witnessed its ruthless massacre.

The combined forces of rain and thunder created an atmosphere of pure horror.

The battlefield turned into a nightmarish scene, as the Nightwalker continued its rampage, tearing apart the soldiers with its insatiable hunger.

In the midst of this hellish chaos, Archer stood, his heart heavy with grief as the screams started to die down.

He began casting Eldritch Blasts, Plasma Missiles, and Fire Element Bolts, directing them all towards the creature.

The spells hit their mark, propelling it backward with tremendous force. Seizing the opportunity, he charged towards it and cast Blink, appearing directly above it.

Using his sharp claws and powerful tail, he sliced through the creature's neck and pierced its heart, delivering a fatal blow.

With a final kick, he propelled himself away from the falling creature, landing with a heavy thud.

When Archer looked up, his heart sank at the sight of even more Nightwalkers rushing towards him.

He attempted to take flight, but the fierce wind and heavy rain made it impossible. Instead, he started running, clutching Sera tightly.

Despite her panic, she remained still not wanting to hinder him in any way. Archer darted away but his Aura Detector picked up pings closing in from behind him.

He started running even faster toward the distant forest, he knew it was there due to seeing it before the storm arrived.

The mana storm raged around them, crackling with raw energy. Arcane bolts of lightning illuminated the darkened sky, casting eerie shadows upon the treacherous landscape.

Each step Archer took was a battle against the gusting winds threatening to consume him.

The Nightwalkers, driven by their insatiable hunger, drew nearer, their elongated legs propelling them forward with unnatural speed.

Their blood-red eyes glowed with an unholy fervor, fixated on him. Archer's heart raced, adrenaline surging through his veins as he tried to escape.

He leaped over fallen branches and ran through deep puddles, every fiber of his being focused on outrunning the creatures.

Dark magic streaked through the air, unleashed by the Nightwalkers in a desperate attempt to halt his escape.

The crackling energy whizzed past him, grazing perilously close, intensifying the sense of danger that loomed over their pursuit.

But Archer refused to falter. With unyielding determination, he pushed forward, undeterred by the malevolent assault.

Each blinding flash of lightning unveiled fleeting glimpses of the creatures, their wretched forms contorted and grotesque.

Centuries of malevolence had etched a twisted mark upon their features, turning them into abominations of darkness.

Their clawed hands reached out, hungering for the life force that pulsed within Archer and Sera.

With each passing moment, the chase intensified. The Nightwalkers drew nearer, their presence looming like a dark cloud ready to consume them.

But he refused to succumb to fear. He tightened his grip on Sera as his muscles burned with exhaustion, but he pushed himself beyond his limits.

The storm raged around them, lashing at his face with icy raindrops. Archer's mind raced, searching for an escape.

Then he saw a crumbling farmhouse up ahead, partially shielded from the storm's fury.

With a burst of speed, he veered towards the ruins. He could hear the Nightwalkers closing in, their guttural growls growing louder with each passing second.

They reached the shelter just as they lunged forward, their outstretched claws grazing the air where Archer had stood moments ago.

The structure offered a temporary respite from the relentless pursuit. Breathing heavily, Archer leaned against the decaying walls, his heart pounding in his chest.

Sera trembled in his arms, her eyes reflecting both fear and trust. But the respite was short-lived.

The creatures clawed at the rotten structure, their desperate attempts to reach their prey echoing through the stormy night.

To quickly escape he repeatedly cast Blink to get out of the building, each time reappearing further away, pushing through the chaotic tempest.

Undeterred, the Nightwalkers quickly spotted him and renewed their relentless pursuit.

As they ran, Sera fearfully glanced over his shoulder, her eyes widening at the sight of their encroaching pursuers.

Catching sight of them as well, Archer surged forward, pushing his endurance to the limit. The chase stretched on for hours.

He skillfully weaved through the dense forest, the sinking sun casting long shadows as dusk approached.

Archer's senses alerted him to an incoming spell that slammed into his back, propelling him forcefully ahead. He crashed through the undergrowth, colliding with trees along the way.

After crashing into a small oasis on the other side of the forest, Archer struggled to sit up, shaking his head to clear his dazed mind.

Despite the pain coursing through his body, he mustered the strength to stand. Sera fluttered anxiously around him, eventually hovering in front of him.

With worried eyes, she pointed at his mouth and then at her delicate neck. Understanding her unspoken question.

His thoughts were interrupted as a Nightwalker appeared before him, swiping at him with its bloodstained claws.

Reacting instantly, Archer snatched up Sera while leaping backward, narrowly evading the deadly attack.

Another Nightwalker emerged beside him, already swinging. Using his left wing as a shield, he absorbed the attack, skidding back from the force.

Seizing the opportunity, he cast an Eldritch Blast directly into the creature's face, extinguishing its evil existence.

He swiftly swung at another creature, and the agile creature deftly sidestepped, effortlessly dodging his attack.

The creature swung its claws towards his chest, he quickly moved Sera out of harm's way.

He allowed it to slash his chest, tearing through his flesh and sending him hurtling backward through the air.

Despite the brutal attack, he somehow managed to land on his feet. However, intense agony coursed through his body, reminding him of the damage inflicted.

Sera's expression turned to one of shock as she glanced at him, her concern evident. In an attempt to create a portal or cast Gate, nothing happened.

A deep, chilling voice resonated from behind him, its tone slow and sinister. "No... teleport... for... you."

He turned around and spotted the Deathlock from before standing there in front of the Nightwalkers.

It was a sinister creature with a gaunt, skeletal appearance. Clad in tattered black robes, its sunken eyes burn with evilness.

βαῖδα-ηθνε | ·cθm Dark magic and an aura of death surrounded it. Archer started casting Eldritch Blasts and light bolts, but the Deathlock easily deflected them, forcing the spells to hit the motionless Nightwalkers.

With a resounding roar, Archer unleashed his Breath, a torrent of scorching fire erupting from his very core.

The flames leaped and twirled, weaving a wall of searing heat that surged toward the Deathlock.

Eyes widened in astonishment, it hurriedly conjured a protective shield to fend off the blistering onslaught.

Undeterred, Archer pressed forward as he conjured bolts of light around him, sending them hurtling toward the creature.

The bolts crackled with mana, illuminating the battlefield as they streaked through the air until they hit the Deathlock sending it stumbling backward.

It retaliated with dark tendrils of shadow, swirling and lashing out like serpents. But Archer dodged and weaved through the inky darkness.

His agile movements showcased his growing skills, he looked to his right and saw Sera clinging to him.

Unleashing a barrage of spells, Archer conjured gusts of wind to whip around the Deathlock, disorienting him and disrupting his concentration.

But the creature was no ordinary foe his eyes glowed with a malevolent gleam as he summoned a torrent of lightning to strike Archer.

The electric bolts crackled and seared the air, threatening to overwhelm him. Yet, in a display of quick thinking, Archer cast Cosmic Shield, diverting the lightning's path.

His shield quivered and crackled under the assault but held strong, deflecting the deadly lightning away harmlessly.

The battle raged on as Archer unleashed a flurry of spells and used Blink to move behind the Deathlock. He lunged forward, his strike aimed at the creature's skull.

However, with remarkable swiftness, it raised his staff, conjuring a shield that deflected Archer's tail and claws.

Reacting quickly, he leaped backward, narrowly evading the creature's counter-attack. Undeterred, he cast Blink once more, returning to his previous position.

However, as he reappeared, he was met with the sight of the Deathlock raising its staff, uttering an incantation under its breath.

Darkness swirled around, as the spell shot out and closed in on Archer. In that dire moment, a melody of chirping pierced through the gloom, capturing his attention.

His eyes widened in disbelief and horror as he turned to see Sera, his beloved fairy dragon, gazing at him with endless love.

Without a moment's hesitation, she fluttered her delicate wings and soared into the path of the oncoming spell, taking the full brunt of its devastating impact.

Chapter 163 Hello There

Time came to a standstill as Archer's heart shattered into countless fragments. A primal roar of anguish erupted from deep within his throat, echoing for miles.

Collapsing to his knees, he cradled Sera's battered and barely breathing body in his arms. She trembled, fragile and weak, as he held her close.

A wave of anger surged within him as it started to take over him. The grief morphed into an all-consuming wrath, propelling every fiber of his being.

Archer rose, his eyes burning with vengeful fire, and unleashed a ferocious breath that engulfed the Nightwalkers in flames, reducing them to ashes.

He unleashed a relentless barrage of Eldritch Blasts upon the Nightwalkers and Deathlock. Each blast struck with a ferocity fueled by his anguish.

Archer fought with savage intensity, every movement driven by his shattered heart and the burning desire to exact vengeance upon the one who had hurt Sera.

Firing his magic into the horde of Nightwalkers and other creatures closing in, he held her tightly, launching an assault on the Deathlock. Every ounce of his strength was poured into the attack.

Within this storm of raw emotion, his strikes were relentless and powerful, fueled by a seething rage.

The Deathlock faltered, its aura wavering under the onslaught. With a final strike, he dealt a blow that shattered the creature's defenses, sending it crashing to the ground.

Breathing heavily, he stood over the defeated Deathlock, he raised his foot and stamped down on the skull smashing it to pieces.

Archer's gaze shifted downward, his eyes filled with a mixture of relief and concern, as he saw Sera grievously wounded and emitting feeble chirps of pain.

Her delicate wings trembled, and her scales bore the scars of gashes, proof of the attack she had valiantly blocked for him.

He tenderly cradled Sera's injured form. Love and anguish intertwined within his heart, as he fully realized the depth of her sacrifice.

With utmost care, he brushed a gentle finger over her wounded wing, his touch conveying comfort and reassurance.

Sera looked up at him with her dull ruby-red eyes, radiating happiness that he remained unharmed.

Archer retrieved a health potion from his Item Box, hoping it would help her with the pain, but to his dismay, it had no effect.

At that moment, a piercing shriek shattered the air, diverting his attention. He turned his head to witness another horde approaching.

Ghouls sprinted alongside Dullahans and Plaguebearers, while Wraithwings, Banshees, and Death Hawks soared above him.

Leading the charge were the Nightwalkers, and the realization dawned upon him that the Deathlock he had faced earlier was likely just a pawn in the grand scheme of things.

Frustration welled within him, and he tightened his grip around Sera, resolute in his determination.

Casting Blink repeatedly, he sought to gain a crucial advantage over the impending horde. He reappeared 100 meters away and started running toward the large mountains in the distance.

As he was running he turned around and saw the undead catching up, he started thinking about what to do when an idea came to him.

Archer stopped running to turn around, he took a deep breath and let out a stream of fire between him and the horde.

With haste, he cast Meteor Swarm. Within a minute, a blazing rock descended from the sky, colliding with an earth-shaking impact right in front of the advancing horde.

A tremor shook the ground beneath their feet, accompanied by a sudden eruption of flames that consumed the nearby surroundings.

The horde let out piercing screeches, frozen in their tracks as a wall of blazing debris obstructed their path.

Archer skidded to a stop, his eyes widening in astonishment. The fiery barrier severed the horde's route and killed a large amount of them.

Seizing the opportunity amidst the chaos, he held Sera tightly and resumed their frantic run, his heart pounding with adrenaline.

With a glimmer of hope in his eyes, he whispered to her, "This is our moment, Sera. We must escape."

Without a moment's hesitation, he veered into a different path, maneuvering through the billowing smoke and engulfing flames, desperately seeking a safer refuge for them both.

As he sprinted, believing he had evaded the horde, a piercing screech echoed from above.

As he glanced upwards, a colossal undead bat swooped down towards him. Reacting swiftly, Archer sidestepped its attack and used his claw to forcefully tear off its wing.

Without wasting a moment, Archer unleashed a barrage of radiant bolts at the approaching horde of creatures.

Yet, their numbers seemed to multiply, and as the situation deteriorated, he knew he had to keep moving.

With determination fueling his every stride, he raced across the vast plains, relentlessly pursued by the undead giant bats.

Maintaining unwavering focus as he raced forward, he continued to cast bolts, unleashing them with precision, all in an effort to repel the unyielding onslaught of the undead assailants.

Each bolt found its mark striking the bats with devastating force and sending them hurtling down to the earth.

One by one, they fell, their wings crumbling as they crashed to the ground. The clash of magic and the thud of fallen creatures echoed through the open plains as he relentlessly picked off the pursuing bats.

As the last of the bats plummeted to the ground, he briefly paused, catching his breath and surveying the scene.

The open plains stretched before him, now quiet and devoid of creatures. he pressed on, his gaze fixed on the distant mountains ahead.

Archer walked into the forest, his pace slowing as he focused on Sera, who was sleeping but showed no signs of healing.

Glancing around, he spotted a rock overhang and swiftly flew up to it. Upon reaching the spot, he discovered an open space with a small hole in the wall, offering a sheltered refuge from the raging storm.

Using his magic, he cast Cleanse to remove all the blood and dirt from both of them.

Realizing that the sun was setting, Archer quickly set up a tent in the shelter and entered after reverting back to his humanoid form.

He got undressed and got into bed as he tightly embraced Sera's slumbering body, swiftly succumbing to sleep after the grueling fight.

After a few hours, he woke up, his body shuddering with unease. Looking down, he noticed Sera trembling uncontrollably.

In that moment, a memory resurfaced, reminding him of her previous request to be bitten. Worried about her condition, he made a decision.

With utmost care, he raised the wounded dragon to his mouth and tenderly bit her fragile neck, his sharp teeth piercing her injured scales.

Seconds after biting her, he felt something stirring inside him, pouring into her little body.

A bright light shone, temporarily blinding him, and he fell back onto the bed, rubbing his eyes.

Once his vision cleared, he looked at Sera, who was glowing as she lay on his chest, letting out quiet breaths.

Feeling reassured by her well-being, he settled back into sleep, holding her tightly. The storm continued its ferocity outside, but their shelter provided them safety throughout the night.

The next morning, Archer awoke to a weight pressing down on him. Slowly opening his eyes, he was greeted by a pair of captivating eyes staring back at him.

"Hello there, husband." She greeted him with a captivating tone.

Archer was startled by the girl's enchanting and exotic voice. His surprise soon gave way to curiosity.

With a mischievous smile, she sat up on his lap prompting him to sit up. He took a closer look at the intriguing girl before him.

She had untamed, flowing blood-red hair that cascaded around her, while her smooth, dark brown skin radiated a warm and inviting hue.

Her captivating ruby-red eyes seemed to hold many secrets and mysteries.

With an allure that captivated his gaze, she possessed a pair of delicate red horns adorning her head, an unusual sight that only enhanced her beauty.

Scattered red scales adorned her petite frame, adding a touch of enchantment to her appearance.

As he took in her unique features, a thought flashed through his mind, unbidden. "A legal loli dragon girl!" Archer's eyes widened slightly, surprised by the realization of her extraordinary nature.

A slender red tail gracefully swayed behind her, further confirming her otherworldly lineage. Archer shook his head, attempting to clear his thoughts, and softly called out her name. "Seraphina?"

With a wide grin on her face, Sera nodded. "Well, you'd have to be pretty dense not to recognize me, husband, considering you bit me last night and completed the ritual," she remarked, her voice filled with playful amusement.

His eyebrow raised in curiosity as he heard her speak, prompting him to question, "Ritual? What is that?"

Sera couldn't contain her giggles as she leaned in closer to Archer, her warm breath tickling his ear. With a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, she whispered softly, revealing to him about ancient dragon rituals.

"In the old dragon empires, there existed a sacred ritual," she murmured, her voice filled with excitement. "Two dragons, bound by destiny, come together in a powerful bond. They share a moment of raw connection, biting each other and drawing blood."

Her words hung in the air, carrying a sense of ancient mystique. Sera's voice lowered, becoming more intimate as she continued, "Through this act, their life forces intertwine, creating an unbreakable bond that lasts until the end of time. It is a union of souls, a testament to their eternal love and loyalty."

As Sera concluded her whispered words, a surge of emotion overwhelmed her. Filled with gratitude and affection for the boy who had saved her and welcomed her into his life, she couldn't resist expressing her feelings in a unique way.

Without any hesitation, Sera softly nibbled on Archer's ear, her teeth gently grazing his skin in a loving and appreciative gesture.

After biting his ear, she proceeded to explain that when she was in her dragon form, she experienced vivid dreams that revealed various insights and information.

#### Chapter 164 Her Story

After she finished explaining things to him she attacked his ears again, but she wasn't done there she quickly moved on to his neck, and he felt her sharp teeth sinking into his skin.

The sensation sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body, causing her to burst into laughter as she ceased her playful attack.

Wearing a mischievous smile, she cast her gaze down upon him, her hips swaying in a seductive rhythm, purposefully teasing him with every deliberate movement.

Her actions had the desired effect, as he could feel his dragon stirring, Archer's blood boiled with a mixture of anticipation and longing as she continued her teasing.

Unable to resist any longer, he leaned in and captured her lips in a passionate kiss, catching her off guard.

In that moment, she melted into his embrace, wrapping her arms around his shoulders as their kiss deepened with passion and intensity.

After what felt like an eternity, they finally broke apart, their gazes locked in a shared understanding.

Sera's smile was radiant as she spoke, her voice filled with gratitude and affection. "Thank you Archer for rescuing me. The Junglebanes would have eventually got me, but you saved me and took me in when my own family cast me aside."

When he heard her mention her family, a sense of connection washed over him, realizing they had both endured similar hardships.

Archer gazed at her, gently brushing her hair away from her face as he inquired, "If you don't mind me asking, why were you in the jungle all alone?"

She got a sad look as she cuddled up to him and started speaking about her past.

[Sera's POV]

[Coya Empire - Avidia - Southern Continent] [Two years before Archer saved her]

Sera, the youngest princess of the Coya Empire, made her home in a sprawling valley, nestled within a jungle on the western side of the continent.

Her true name was Aylla Coya, the seventh princess of the empire, renowned for her joyful personality and mastery of Infernomancy.

She possessed the ability to wield destructive flames, capable of reducing anything in their path to ashes.

Among her peers at the Celestia Academy, she consistently ranked highest in her class.

While the imperial family enjoyed reverence and admiration from the people, not everyone shared the same sentiment.

A group of nobles conspired to overthrow the imperial family, driven by their anger with the Emperor's imposed laws governing the nobility.

Unable to directly harm Emperor Kavi Coya or the older siblings, they devised a plan to target the youngest member of the family.

Their scheme involved infiltrating the Celestia Academy by enrolling their own children, and instructing them to befriend the princess.

Once they gained her trust, they would fabricate evidence of a scandalous affair between her and one of the professors, aiming to bring shame and disgrace to the imperial family.

The nobles were aware of the strict taboo within the family regarding such acts, and they knew that previous princes had been banished due to similar scandals throughout the empire's history.

Additionally, they also planned to accuse her of practicing Shadowcraft, an outlawed magic viewed as evil throughout the southern continent.

The nobles successfully concealed their schemes from everyone and managed to acquire numerous Shadowcraft artifacts from the black market, which they planted in her dorm room.

When the scheming nobles gathered the fabricated evidence, they went straight to the palace to get an audience with the Emperor.

They presented the evidence of the alleged affair and told him of the rumors surrounding her involvement in Shadowcraft.

Upon hearing this, the Emperor ordered the royal guards to search her dorm room. However, he had doubts about the claims as Aylla had always been a well-behaved and virtuous girl.

After the nobles left, he let out a long breath, as Empress Xochitl approached him with a stern expression on her face.

"Darling, if the rumors are true, we will have to banish her before your name is tarnished in the eyes of the nobles and people."

Xochitl, who was the daughter of one of the leading nobles, felt threatened by Aylla's talent and knew her own children would be overshadowed by her.

Thus, she joined her father's scheme to undermine the imperial family and secure the throne for her eldest son.

She moved closer to her husband, subtly poisoning his mind against his daughter from his fourth wife, a girl she truly despised.

"It's no surprise to me that she is interested in learning Shadowcraft. Many spellcasters strive for greater power and choose to explore the dangerous and forbidden arts," Xochitl whispered, planting seeds of doubt.

Hours later, the royal guards returned, carrying books, scrolls, and artifacts related to Shadowcraft.

The sight shook him to his core, triggering memories of his grandfather's assassination by the Shadows of Silence, practitioners of this dark art.

Consumed by anger, he commanded the arrest of the seventh princess, demanding her presence before him not as a princess, but as a criminal.

"Bring the criminal here immediately! She must face the consequences of her scandalous behavior and her fascination with Shadowcraft," he bellowed, Xochitl stepped back with a sinister smile as their devious plot unfolded.

On the day everything unfolded, Sera was seated inside her classroom, preparing for the lesson, when a group of royal guards stormed into the room.

They charged at her, seizing her and forcefully dragging her out of the room. Confusion and panic overwhelmed her as she struggled to understand what was happening.

The guards treated her roughly, forcefully throwing her out of the front entrance. The impact with the stone floor caused pain to surge through her body.

Yanking her up by her red hair, tears welled up in her eyes as she tried to comprehend the accusations hurled at her.

"You wretched harlot! You were a princess, not some commoner! How dare you bring shame upon the Empire with your despicable actions!"

Sera was utterly bewildered, having done nothing more than devote herself to her studies and spending time with her friends.

As her silence persisted, their anger escalated, and they resorted to assaulting her, repeatedly striking her in the stomach.

Finally, they threw her into a carriage to transport her to the palace. Two guards accompanied her in the back, while Sera struggled to regain her composure amidst the pain.

As she tried to rise, a boot ruthlessly pressed down on her head, forcefully keeping her restrained.

"Stay down, you criminal! You are no longer a princess and do not deserve the respect befitting one," they taunted, their cruelty evident.

The guards continued their torment until one blow struck her with such intensity that her temper flared.

In a burst of anger and desperation, she unleashed her power, casting "Inferno Blast."

The scorching flames engulfed the two guards, rapidly consuming the carriage itself. Summoning her strength, she rose to her feet and managed to escape the blazing carriage.

As she emerged, more guards appeared, only to meet the same fate as they were incinerated by her raging red flames.

Sera shook off the pain and ignored the throbbing ache in her body, she mustered all her remaining strength and began to sprint.

With each stride, her heart pounded in her chest, pushing her forward. But her escape was short-lived.

Before she could make much headway, a group of elite Spellcasters, renowned for their mastery over the elements, intercepted her.

Their swift movements and formidable power proved too much for her exhausted state. In a matter of moments, they closed in on her, their magic crackling in the air.

Overwhelmed and outnumbered, she was swiftly overpowered and subdued. Her struggles were futile as they grabbed her firmly and forcefully dragged her back to the palace

Not long after being apprehended, they reached the palace, and Sera was unceremoniously dragged into the grand throne room, and forcefully thrown to the cold, hard floor.

As she lifted her gaze, her eyes met the sight of her entire family standing behind her father, and it was then that she noticed a smile playing on the lips of her father's first wife.

Her father's voice echoed through the room. "Are you nothing but a common harlot? Why would you engage in an illicit affair with a professor, Aylla?"

Sera's eyes widened in disbelief upon hearing her father's accusations.

With a mix of shock and indignation, she vehemently denied his claims, her voice trembling as she got to her feet. "Father, I hardly interact with the professors! Why would you believe such a falsehood about me?"

As he listened to her words, rage consumed him, and Kavi bellowed, "Stop lying! The evidence is undeniable, proving your illicit affair with the professor and your involvement in the forbidden practice of Shadowcraft. Aylla, you have deeply disappointed me."

Xochitl, seizing the opportunity, chimed in with further accusations. "She must have used her body to climb the ladder. How else could a sixteen-year-old achieve such success?"

Frustration etched upon his face, her father's complexion turned crimson as he massaged his temples. With words that would shatter Aylla's world and cast her into profound despair, he spoke.

"You are hereby banished from the Empire, never to return. Guards, escort her to the dungeon, where the royal enchanters will prepare for the banishing ritual."

#### Chapter 165 Her Story (2)

The royal guards approached, seizing her and forcefully escorting her to the dungeon. Sera's gaze fixated on the floor, disbelief washing over her as she tried to come to terms with the unfolding events.

Thrown into a dimly lit cell, she huddled in a corner, consumed by sobs. She knew all too well that they would eventually throw her through a portal leading to Exiloria a desolate island reserved for the empire's most wretched criminals.

Lost in despair, an unexpected occurrence disrupted her misery. A radiant light filled the cell, revealing the presence of an older woman.

Despite the blurry image, Sera could make out the figure of a woman. Her hair was white, and her vibrant violet eyes were locked onto her.

In a soothing voice, the woman addressed her, "Child, I deeply regret your plight. While I am unable to directly intervene due to the constraints of certain rules, soon my champion will arrive in this world. Aylla, I need you to help him."

Sera, perplexed, murmured, "Help your champion? Who is he?"

The woman nodded, affirming her understanding. "You and your mother are descendants of a rare dragon bloodline, believed to have perished during the last Dragon-Human War. To my astonishment, a sole survivor escaped the carnage."

Pausing for a moment, she scrutinized the girl standing before her before resuming her words. "You possess a remarkable resemblance to her. Your ancestor was one of the wives of the last dragon king, who wholeheartedly devoted herself to him despite his indifference towards her."

Sera's eyebrows raised upon hearing the woman's words, sparking her curiosity. She couldn't help but wonder about the woman's identity, so she asked, "Who are you?"

The woman giggled in response and replied, "Well, let's just say that in the future, we may become more acquainted. However, whether that comes to pass or not is in his hands. I hold no sway in such matters."

Drawing nearer to Sera, the woman crouched down and continued speaking. "The road ahead will be challenging, but once he locates you, he will shower you with love and care beyond measure. I have been observing him for a while, and he appears to be a wonderful young man who knows how to cherish those who love him, unlike the clueless fool before him. This boy will possess the power to topple empires and kingdoms for your sake. Just ask, and it shall be done."

Sera nodded eagerly, filled with anticipation to meet him. Suddenly, the woman's finger made contact with her forehead, and a peculiar sensation surged through her being, causing her to lose consciousness.

As she slipped into the depths of unconsciousness, Sera caught one final sentence from the woman. "Little Aylla, I shall redirect the portal and guide him to where you are. He will require your aid in the years to come."

The woman let out a wistful sigh, her beautiful face adorned with a trace of loneliness.

Speaking softly to herself, she murmured, "May the boy make the right choice this time. Those who came before him never did."

Days passed by as Sera languished in her cell, surviving solely on bread and water, while she awaited the arrival of the Spellcaster who would set up the portal.

One day, her father's first wife appeared, wearing a sly smirk as she gazed down upon her, speaking with a malicious tone.

"Look at what we have here. The once-celebrated seventh princess, the prodigy of the Coya family, has plummeted from grace."

The woman erupted into laughter, her voice saturated with arrogance. "Ah, it seems our little scheme worked to perfection. I truly doubted he would believe the concocted evidence, but to my delight, he fell for it, aided by a few carefully crafted words from yours truly."

As the woman continued to boast about her plans after Sera's banishment, she chose to tune her out, instead pondering what the mysterious boy would be like.

Before long, fatigue overtook her, and she drifted into a slumber.

Suddenly, she was jolted awake by the thunderous sound of a heavy door slamming shut. Lifting her gaze, she observed two guards approaching her cell with stern expressions.

With an audible click, the lock was undone, and the guards forcefully pulled her out, leading her toward the chamber designated for the rituals.

In a matter of minutes, she found herself standing in a chamber fashioned from dark stone, encircled by those she once considered her family.

She was thrown to the center of the room, surrounded by the familiar faces that now seemed so distant.

Her father stepped forward, his words resonating with undeniable grief, yet carrying a subtle tone of pleading. "Aylla, please just confess to everything, and I will revoke the banishment. We can help you."

Sera lifted her gaze, her eyes burning with a seething hatred directed at her father. "I am innocent! Your first wife has tainted you against me, a mere 16-year-old girl who still attends the academy. But remember this Kavi, one day I will return to the Empire, and seek revenge for the injustice I have suffered and everything you hold dear will burn."

One of the guards moved to strike her, but the emperor intervened stopping him, his eyes filled with sorrow. "So be it. Prepare the portal; she shall be sent to Exiloria."

The royal Spellcaster began chanting, and a shimmering blue portal materialized. Without hesitation, Sera rose to her feet and approached the portal.

However, before stepping through, Sera turned to face the man who she had idolized all her life, the man she had strived to make proud.

As she looked into his eyes, she could sense his reluctance and the influence of his first wife's venomous words.

Her final words were directed at her father, just as her mother rushed into the room, consumed by panic.

"I did nothing but strive to make you proud, yet you allowed a jealous, spiteful and petty woman to poison your mind simply because she wants her worthless son to inherit your throne."

Sera's mother turned to her father, pleading, "Kavi! You know she is not a promiscuous girl and despises all forms of evil. All she ever did was try to make you proud."

But he disregarded his other wife's words and gazed at his daughter, who stared back at him with eyes brimming with hatred as she stepped through the portal.

As she passed through, her body underwent a remarkable transformation, diminishing in size until she transformed into a red fairy dragon.

She found herself in the depths of the Blackwood Jungle, years before Archer would venture into its embrace.

Over time, she adjusted to her new form and began to embrace her new life. She started her long wait for the boy who the woman spoke about.

[Coya Empire 2 years later]

Emperor Kavi sat upon his throne, consumed by remorse for what he had done to his youngest daughter ever since the day she stared at him with pure hatred in her eyes.

He let out a sigh, his confidence in the evidence waning as the nobles grew increasingly unruly since her banishment.

It took him two years to harbor suspicions, prompting him to dispatch his spies to infiltrate noble households throughout the empire in search of any crucial information.

General Amaruq Windwalker, Kavi's head of intelligence, entered the throne room with a pallid complexion. He approached the emperor and bowed respectfully before speaking.

"My Emperor, I have vital information to convey, though it may distress you."

Kavi gazed at his trusted general and nodded, signaling for him to proceed. The man cleared his throat and began to speak.

"After a year of investigations and numerous interrogations, we have reached the conclusion that the princess was entirely innocent of all the accusations leveled against her. They originated from Duke Huayna Capac, the father of Empress Xochitl. They acquired Shadowcraft items from the black market. We have dispatched a large Spellcaster force to Exiloria in search of her, but I hold little hope of her discovery."

When the emperor received such news, his heart shattered, realizing that he had impulsively banished his own flesh and blood in a fit of anger.

Now, she was either dead or subjected to an even worse fate on an island teeming with criminals.

He couldn't blame anyone but himself. Anger surged within him, and he rose from his seat, summoning his guards. "Guards!"

A dozen men swiftly assembled before him, kneeling as he spoke. "Arrest the first empress, her children, and the entire lineage of Duke Huayna. Throw them in the dungeon!"

He turned to his General, issuing another command before departing the hall. "Dispatch the imperial army to Exiloria and locate the princess!"

Kavi walked down the corridor, memories of Aylla's childhood flooding his mind. He recalled how she always sought to please him, and how admirably she succeeded.

A tear trickled down his cheek as he entered his study, sinking into his chair. He opened a drawer, retrieved a mana crystal, and activated it.

A video played, depicting Aylla's intense training as she strived to master her Infernomancy—a sight that filled him with immense pride.

Now, all he could do was live with the regret of what he had done. None of his wives held warmth towards him anymore. With the exception of one, they all believed him to be cruel for what he had done.

Sera found herself in the jungle and survived for two years until one fateful day when a group of Junglebanes (Jaguars) began chasing her through the dense foliage.

Desperately fleeing, she found herself trapped in a tree as she couldn't fly anymore due to exhaustion. It was then that she caught sight of him, the boy destined to save her.

With his long white hair and captivating violet eyes, he resembled the woman who had once aided her.

She remained motionless until he approached, and from that moment onward, their destinies intertwined.

Chapter 166 My Husband

Sera locked her gaze on Archer, who met her with a tender stare as tears cascaded down her face.

When he saw how upset she was he grabbed a hold of her and wrapped her in a comforting hug.

With a voice full of love, he spoke, "I apologize for the hardships you endured, Sera. But now, you are here, and I will never abandon you as your family did."

A smile graced her lips as Sera realized that she had finally discovered her boy, the one who would never forsake her.

The time they had spent together while she was in her dragon form held a cherished place in her heart, forming some of her most beloved memories.

They lay there, talking for a couple of hours until the sun rose, casting its radiant light through the tent windows.

As they rose to their feet, he cast Cleanse on both of them and in that moment, he realized that Sera stood before him completely naked.

His eyes fell upon her body, noticing her petite stature, standing two heads shorter than him. However, he had always held a special affection for the shorter girls, and a sense of joy washed over him.

She possessed a slender yet curvaceous figure, her dark brown skin blending harmoniously with her fiery red hair.

Her eyes, a mesmerizing ruby red, gazed at him with a mischievous expression before she asked him a question. "Do you like what you see, my husband?"

Archer nodded approvingly, his grin widening as he appraised her from head to toe. "Yes, Aylla, or should I say Seraphina? Either way, you are truly beautiful."

Sera tilted her head, a playful smile adorning her face as she replied, "I love Seraphina. I don't want my old name back."

Nodding in agreement, Archer was about to speak when Sera suddenly pounced on him, clinging to him like a baby monkey.

She playfully nibbled at his ear and neck, sending waves of pleasure coursing through his body.

After their playful exchange, Sera released her grip and glanced around the surroundings. Turning her hopeful expression towards Archer, she inquired, "Archer, do you have any clothes I can wear?"

He shook his head momentarily but then remembered the clothes he had discovered in the bandit hideout. Retrieving the crate, he handed it to Sera.

While she rummaged through the clothes, he felt a tremor in the bracelet on his wrist. To his surprise, the two girls materialized before him, their faces etched with worry.

Their attention shifted from Archer to a stunning red-headed girl who stood there, unclothed, sorting through the crate.

The two girls' heads snapped toward Archer, their eyes narrowing, and Ella started to interrogate him. "So while we were worrying about you in the domain you were here, having fun with a girl?"

Archer raised his arms in a gesture of innocence, preparing to explain who Sera was, but before he could, Ella focused her attention on him, poking his chest with a finger as she spoke.

"I've already told you that we don't mind if you have other girls, but you should of let us know beforehand."

While Ella was talking to Archer, Teuila observed the cheerful girl, who was happily going through a selection of clothes.

She took note of the girl's red hair, the two small horns adorning her head, and red scales running down her body.

Sera found a red dress that suited her well and a pair of sandals. Turning to Archer, she ignored Ella's conversation with him and asked as she finished getting ready, "How do I look, husband?"

The room fell silent as both girls turned their attention toward her. Sera couldn't help but wonder why they were staring at her like that.

A thought crossed her mind. 'Do they not recognize me?' She tilted her head, a hint of confusion etching across her face.

Teuila approached her, wearing a curious expression. As she drew closer, she couldn't help but notice Sera's captivating ruby-red eyes.

She stopped in her tracks, her eyes widening, and a big smile spread across her face as she spoke. "Is that you Sera?"

When Ella heard Teuila speak, a look of shock appeared on her face as she turned her gaze toward the smiling redhead.

Sera's smile grew even wider, and she nodded her head. "Yes, it's me."

Both girls rushed over to her, examining her from head to toe, quickly realizing that indeed, it was the fairy dragon.

Teuila turned to Ella with a grin. "I told you she had a humanoid form just like Archer."

The two girls turned to Archer, their curious expressions demanding an explanation. Teuila was the first to speak.

"Why was she calling you husband?"

Archer scratched his cheek, preparing to respond, but Sera beat him to it. "Well, I was really hurt, and he performed the rest of the dragon ritual, which bonded us together and restored my humanoid form."

The girls nodded their heads, accepting Sera's explanation. They weren't bothered by her appearance, as the two of them had already spent time together.

Ella, Teuila, and Sera stood side by side, their expressions brimming with excitement and curiosity.

The revelation of Sera's newfound humanoid form ignited a spark of wonder, and the trio shared a silent understanding.

Ella stepped forward, her voice firm yet filled with anticipation. "Archer, you can continue on to Nekhen. But we think it's important for Sera to spend some time with us, we want to get to know her better now that she's got her humanoid form."

Archer looked at Sera, a mixture of pride and concern in his eyes. "Are you sure, Sera? It's up to you. If you'd like to spend time with Ella and Teuila, I'm happy to accompany you."

Sera smiled appreciatively at him before turning to her friends. "I'm grateful for your offer, Archer, but I think it would be better if I spend some time alone with them. I want to learn more about them now that I can talk."

He nodded, comprehending the circumstances, while his heart filled with a blend of pride and yearning. "Okay, I'll continue my journey, but I'll eagerly await your return. Take care."

The trio of girls approached him, each planting a loving kiss on his cheek. Sera, in her playful manner, even gave a playful nibble to his neck before erupting into laughter.

With a wave, Archer opened a portal to the domain, and the three girls stepped through, disappearing from sight.

As they vanished, he retrieved a Kofta Skewer and began to enjoy its flavors, savoring every bite.

After finishing, he discarded the stick as he put the tent in his Item Box, and surveyed the jungle before him.

Birds and creatures gracefully glided through the verdant canopy above, Archer made his way to the edge of the ledge.

Without a second thought, he impulsively leaped into the air, his landing echoing with a resounding thud.

Shaking off the impact, he collected himself and fixed his gaze on the path stretching out before him.

Archer headed northward, his gaze fixed on the distant horizon in search of a road. After walking for some time, he finally came across a road and embarked upon it.

An hour passed, and in the distance, he spotted a town on the horizon. As he approached, a sense of unease enveloped the air, prompting him to activate his Aura Detector.

Scanning the road and the nearby forest, he remained vigilant. Caravans were sparsely traveling the road but he saw many turning onto the road he was on from another that came from the forest.

Suddenly, his attention was caught by a single, rapid ping approaching his location.

Under his breath, he whispered, "Draconis."

Raising his wings in a defensive stance, he braced himself as a missile-like spell collided with them. Though the impact caused him to skid backward, he easily shrugged off the attack.

Fixing his gaze on the attacker, Archer saw a menacing Lich, its wicked smile unyielding it continued its relentless assault, hurling dark magic spells at him.

Mostly Acid Blast and Dark Blasts. Reacting swiftly, Archer unleashed a counterattack. He started casting Element Bolts made from light.

The bolts struck the Lich with incredible speed, illuminating its body before it erupted into a blinding explosion. The creature crumbled to the ground, reduced to nothing but dust.

He looked at the spot where the Lich was standing, Archer continued walking and decided to check his status after eating the 50 hearts he managed to collect while bandit hunting.

'Status.'

[Experience: 000/15000]

[Level Up: 145>154]

[Sp: 4>72 ]

[Magic Learned: Infernomancy]

[Mana: 25300>26200]

[Strength: 4300>4500]

[Constitution: 4200>4400]

[Stamina: 4300>4500]

[Intelligence: 3710>3800]

[Crown Of Stars: 1>2]

Happy with his status he started working out how much experience he gained from the undead and it came out to 150,700 in total including the hearts he ate.

Archer decided to upgrade his stats, he spent 12 points on HP and 10 on every other stat. He pulled up his status again.

[HP: 5100>5220]

[Mana: 25300>25600]

[Strength: 4500>4600]

[Constitution: 4400>4500]

[Stamina: 4500>4600]

[Charisma: 4200>4300]

[Intelligence: 3800>3900]

Having finished with his status, Archer continued walking down the road undisturbed by any further undead encounters.

Chapter 167 Shenanigans

When Archer approached the town he dismissed his Draconic form as the caravans started to slow down. The town guards nodded at him as he entered.

The air was thick with a sense of foreboding, and the normally bustling streets were unnervingly silent and creepy.

As he made his way deeper into the town, he couldn't help but notice the fearful glances exchanged among the people and the hushed whispering.

Their faces were etched with lines of anxiety, and their footsteps echoed with a sense of urgency.

Whispers filled the air, their words barely audible, but the fear in their voices was unmistakable.

Traders, adorned with vibrant robes and headdresses, clustered together in small groups, their wares displayed haphazardly on tables.

The gleam of gold and jewels caught Archer's eye, but his attention was soon drawn to the massive number of guards that surrounded them.

Their presence seemed excessive as if they were protecting more than just the merchants.

As Archer continued his exploration, he couldn't shake off the unsettling feeling that the town was hiding something sinister.

The narrow alleyways twisted and turned, creating a labyrinth that seemed to have a life of its own. Shadows seemed to elongate and slither across the walls, adding to the chilling atmosphere.

Suddenly, a loud crash reverberated through the air, causing Archer to instinctively summon his claws

Scanning the area, he searched for the origin of the disturbance. The townsfolk scattered, their expressions of fear intensifying with each passing moment.

It was clear they were accustomed to such disturbances, yet remained on edge.

Archer's senses heightened as he continued to explore. The wind whispered through the deserted streets, carrying an unsettling melody.

Uneasiness settled deep within him, warning him of the hidden danger lurking just beyond his reach.

As Archer strolled through the town, a thick, unsettling atmosphere weighed upon him. He looked around.

Using his Aura Detector, Archer surveyed the area. Detecting the presence of both humans and demi-humans hiding inside their homes, adding to the tension.

Spotting the traders and guards, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

His senses tingled as he whispered to himself, "Draconis."

In an instant, his draconic features emerged, and he spread his wings, taking flight above the town.

Hovering in the air, he followed the direction of the mysterious pings that had caught his attention. He saw blurs jumping over the wall and rushed off into the forest that bordered the town.

Archer descended to the ground, dismissing his Draconic features and horns. He began searching for guards to inquire about the unsettling events in the eerie town.

While walking, his Aura detection picked up a gathering of humans and demi-humans huddled around a building in the town square.

He made his way toward the crowd, pushing his way through until he stood face-to-face with a man in his late twenties.

This man had blonde hair, yellow eyes, and a pair of wolf ears atop his head. Towering slightly above Archer, the man was accompanied by a woman who shared the same distinct features as him.

She attempted to calm down the restless crowd, prompting Archer to listen intently to their conversations.

"Mayor, what action will you take? Each night, more of us disappear."

"My son vanished after venturing just outside town to gather seeds!"

"Neither my husband nor his hunting party returned from the forest. They were trusted members of our community."

"Those residing on the outskirts of the town are being abducted during the night."

The mayor attentively absorbed their concerns and addressed the crowd, "Fellow citizens, I have lodged a request with the guild in Akhetemhat City. They assured me that Adventurers would have arrived by now."

Scanning the crowd, the mayor spotted Archer standing there, eavesdropping. Pointing in his direction, he announced, "Behold, one has already arrived. Step forward, young man."

The crowd's gaze shifted toward Archer, causing him to feel uneasy. However, he shrugged off his discomfort and approached the mayor.

As he drew nearer, he noticed the pair possessed fangs, and their tails swayed gracefully behind them.

The man greeted him as he got closer. "Hello, young man. I'm Viden Khepri the mayor of Nekhen and this is my wife Tesfira."

Archer looked at the two, the man's ears kept twitching but the woman looked at him with narrowed eyes.

She mumbled something under her breath but he heard it. "Womanizer."

He chuckled to himself before replying. "I'm Archer. Can you tell me what's happening?"

Viden nodded and motioned for Archer to follow him. They entered the building and soon he realized it was a tavern.

He gestured for Archer to join him and his wife in a dimly lit corner of the tavern. The air was heavy with an aura of unease, and the murmurs of worried townsfolk echoed throughout the room.

"Archer," Viden began, his voice low and filled with a hint of nervousness, "I need to tell you about what happened in this town a few months ago. The vanishings, the attacks, and the eerie atmosphere that fell upon us like a shroud."

Archer leaned forward, his eyes locked on Viden's face, urging him to continue.

"It all started innocently enough," Viden continued, his gaze distant as he recalled the events. "People would occasionally go missing, one or two here and there. At first, we dismissed it as mere accidents or wanderers seeking a new life elsewhere."

He paused, taking a deep breath as if trying to steel himself for what came next. "But then, the attacks began. Horrific incidents under the cover of darkness. Villagers would wake up to find their loved ones gone, taken without a trace. The marks left behind... they weren't ordinary. They were the markings of something far more sinister, something not of this world."

His brows furrowed with concern. "What kind of creature could do such a thing?"

Viden's voice dropped to a near whisper. "Legends speak of an ancient evil that has awakened, lurking in the shadows, preying upon the innocent. Some call it 'The Devourer,' a malevolent force that feeds on the life essence of its victims, leaving behind nothing but empty husks."

Archer listened to the man and spoke when he finished. "How has the town been coping with this? Are there any leads?"

Viden's eyes darted around the room, ensuring no prying ears were within earshot. "The people are terrified, living in constant fear. Some have fled, seeking refuge in neighboring towns. Others... well, they've taken matters into their own hands. Vigilante groups have formed, patrolling the streets at night, desperate to protect what remains of our community."

He nodded and spoke, "I'll do my best to figure this out. Just keep everyone within the town. Now, I'll begin my search."

As he was about to stand up, his wife, Tesfira, spoke up. "How can someone of your age 'figure' it out?"

Archer raised an eyebrow and looked at her. "You'll see."

Turning on his heels, he exited the tavern and commenced his search. The townspeople watched him from behind their curtains as he passed by.

Reaching the edge of town, he climbed up onto the wall and peered over the vast expanse of the desert grassland.

In the distance, a large river came into view, with herds of Emberhoof grazing nearby.

Archer jumped down from the wall and headed towards the forest to begin his search. It didn't take him long to reach his destination.

Upon entering the forest, he activated his Aura Detector, which began emitting multiple pings. Undeterred, he pressed on, moving forward.

Archer ventured deeper into the dense forest, the foliage growing thicker and casting eerie shadows as the daylight waned.

The air felt heavy and suffocating, and an unsettling silence settled around him. The usual sounds of nature had ceased, replaced only by his own footsteps echoing through the stillness.

As he proceeded, the trees seemed to close in on him, their gnarled branches reaching out like skeletal fingers.

Strange whispers brushed against his ears, barely audible but unsettling in their otherworldly tone.

A shiver ran down his spine as he noticed a subtle change in the atmosphere. The once vibrant colors of the forest now appeared muted, as if drained of life.

The leaves rustled strangely, and an occasional gust of chilling wind seemed to whisper his name.

Every step he took felt heavier as if the forest itself resisted his presence. Shadows danced and flickered, forming eerie shapes that seemed to watch him from the corners of his vision.

Suddenly, a low, guttural growl pierced through the stillness, followed by an echoing chorus of haunting howls.

His Aura detector picked up a dozen pings then four dozen, that's when he saw shambling figures shuffling through the trees.

When he saw them he rolled his eyes as zombies appeared, Archer cast dozens of light bolts and sent them flying into the incoming undead.

They fell like hay to the scythe, he kept firing until no more came. He examined the scene and see just over a hundred zombies.

Archer continued walking deeper into the forest in search of the cause of all the shenanigans.

Chapter 168 What Are These Beasts

After a few hours of walking through the forest, Archer noticed the afternoon sun high in the sky.

Suddenly, he felt his bracelet vibrating, alerting him to the presence of the incoming girls. With smiles on their faces, the three of them appeared in front of him.

Sera eagerly lunged forward and clung onto him like a koala, playfully biting his neck. Her actions elicited laughter from Ella and Teuila.

After showering him with bites, Sera released Archer and whispered in his ear, "I missed you."

Archer smiled warmly at her as Ella approached with a smile and also kissed him, followed by Teuila. They asked him how he was doing and what had happened so far.

He filled the three in as they listened intently. Ella was the first to speak. "Do you think what's happening in the town has something to do with all the undead you've encountered?"

Archer nodded. "Yes, it seems so. I fought some zombies earlier, and there were many more on the way here."

That's when Teuila chimed in. "The Kagia Kingdom was home to an undead cult that sought to bring ruin to the Southlands. However, I doubt it's them because they are more of a legend than anything."

The other three nodded and fell into contemplation, while Archer lost in his thoughts, failed to notice Sera stealthily approaching and leaping onto his back.

Startled at first, he swiftly regained his composure as he saw her arms wrapped around him, playfully nibbling his ear and evoking a slight moan from him.

Sera then hopped off, flashing a mischievous wink as she rejoined the other girls with a smile. Archer observed the spirited girl and wondered whether she would eventually calm down.

To his surprise, she didn't; instead, Sera continued to pounce on him as they explored the forest. This playful game of hers brought joy to Ella and Teuila.

The four of them stumbled upon a clearing with a massive hole at its center. As they approached, a putrid odor emanated from it.

They all jerked back in surprise as the foul stench invaded their nostrils. Ella was the first to react, saying, "It smells like a slaughterhouse."

Teuila didn't utter a word but covered her nose while stepping back, and Sera summoned her wings, hovering in the air.

He approached the hole once more and listened attentively.

That's when he heard a rumbling sound, and his Aura Detector alerted him to thousands of pings rapidly approaching them.

He glanced up at the girls, pointing in the direction of the town, and shouted a single word, "Run!"

Initially confused, the girls soon understood and took off running. Archer stepped back, raising one of his hands, and cast Meteor Swarm as the rumbling grew nearer.

The girls glanced back while running, witnessing bright orange lights descending from the sky.

Archer quickly caught up with them, scooping each girl up as he spoke, "Draconis."

His wings materialized, flapping forcefully as he soared out of the forest, just as the meteor collided with the clearing where the hole was.

The impact created a tremendous shockwave, causing him to crash to the ground. Swiftly, he enveloped the girls with his wings and cast Cosmic Shield.

As Archer came to a halt on the ground, he heard a giggle from one of the girls. Looking down, he saw a pair of sparkling ruby-red eyes gazing up at him.

A smile graced his lips as he released his hold on the girls. Teuila stood up and asked a question. "Arch, was that the same spell you used on those castles before we met?"

Standing up with a smile, Archer replied, "Yes, it's called Meteor Swarm. It summons rocks from the sky, causing extensive damage in a wide area."

Teuila nodded while Sera helped Ella to her feet. The four of them brushed off the dirt and debris from their clothes.

Archer handed each girl a health potion. Ella spoke, "What do we do now?"

As he was about to speak, they all felt the ground shake, and they jumped back to get out of the way when the ground exploded from under them.

Dirt flew everywhere, causing a massive cloud. Archer regrouped with the girls and waited for the culprit.

Six massive legs appeared from the hole, and its body raised out of the hole. Its six glowing red eyes stared at the four of them.

A massive spider-like creature rose from the hole and stared at them, sending shivers down their spines.

Archer stared at the thing with a smile and decided to fight it but was shocked when smaller figures jumped out of the hole.

They were tall, bulky figures that looked like a mix between a beetle and a gorilla, standing over six feet tall.

The beasts had massive claws, two large eyes, and two smaller ones. They possessed a set of long, sharp mandibles.

Looking around, they spotted the four individuals standing there in shock, their gazes fixed on the strange creatures emerging from a hole.

When he laid eyes upon these creatures, he immediately noticed their resemblance to the beasts from a board game back on Earth. 'Umbra Hulks.'

Ella spoke up, breaking the silence, "Arch, what are these creatures?"

Archer shrugged, indicating his lack of knowledge about their nature. However, Teuila's voice cut through, brimming with disbelief. "Dwellers of the Deep. They're real."

Sera looked at Teuila curiously. "What are they, Teuila?"

Teuila began to explain, delving into the lore. "They were legends, myths, and old stories spun by the elders to keep children in line. I never thought they held any truth."

Ella pressed on, seeking more information. "Well, how do you know it's them?"

"The older generations spoke of giant spider-like creatures, much like the one we see before us," Teuila explained.

As the massive spider emerged from the hole and advanced toward them, the four warriors prepared themselves for the impending battle.

Drawing their weapons, they readied for combat. Ella armed herself with explosive arrows and unleashed them upon the smaller creatures.

The arrows hit their marks, creating small explosions. As the smoke dissipated, they witnessed cracks forming on their carapaces.

Encouraged by this sight, Ella continued her assault while Teuila unleashed Deep Sea Blasts, effortlessly piercing the creatures' armor.

Not wanting to be left out, Sera joined the fray, casting Inferno Blasts and launching Infernal Bolts. Bright red flames cascaded down upon the beasts.

Meanwhile, Archer refused to remain idle. He whispered to himself as he maneuvered away from the group, "Draco."

A radiant white light enveloped the battlefield as he transformed into his dragon form, his towering figure casting an imposing presence.

Fixing his gaze on the spider-like beast, he released an earth-shattering roar that shook the ground.

A stream of fire erupted from his maw, engulfing the large spider-like creature and its smaller companions.

Archer charged forward, colliding with the beast. With ferocity, he sunk his teeth into one of its long legs, tearing it off with force and flinging it aside.

The creature retaliated, attempting to strike Archer, but sparks flew as its leg connected with his white scales.

Unfazed by the creature's onslaught, Archer brushed off the relentless leg strikes against his back.

Disregarding the pain, he unleashed his primal fury, tearing into the colossal creature with unbridled ferocity.

As Archer fought, the girls engaged in their own battle against the Umbra Hulks. Teuila skillfully dodged their claws while slashing at their fleshy joints.

With a swift maneuver, she brought the beast to its knees and delivered a Deep Sea Blast straight into its skull.

The massive creature collapsed to the ground, prompting Teuila to launch further attacks on the closest enemy.

Meanwhile, Ella unleashed a barrage of explosive arrows upon the hulks emerging from the hole.

Glancing towards Archer and the spider-like creature, she noticed the creature tightly embracing him while his tail thrashed against its body, eliciting a painful roar.

Her attention then shifted back to the ongoing fight, and she released another volley of arrows. The battlefield trembled as explosions rocked the surroundings.

Sera, with her newly acquired wings, soared through the air, feeling a sense of evolution since completing the marriage ritual.

She unleashed a stream of mesmerizing red fire that engulfed and incinerated the Umbra Hulks upon impact.

She swiftly darted in and out of the crowd, using her claws to slash at the creatures. After a relentless battle, the girls finally vanquished the last Umbra Hulk.

Teuila began gathering the hearts for Archer, managing to collect 131 of them. The three girls turned their attention to the ongoing fight as he hurled the giant spider across the forest, pursuing it relentlessly.

Using his wings to propel himself higher, he lunged at the creature crashing into it and digging his massive claws into its carapace.

He started tearing off the protective shells, causing the beast to roar in agonizing pain.

Archer's claw then pierced the fleshy skin beneath the carapace, unleashing Eldritch Blasts inside the creature.

With one last dying roar, it collapsed to the floor. Not finished with the beast, Archer approached the corpse, ripped out its massive heart, and ate it.

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After devouring the heart, Archer scanned the area and noticed the girls sitting under a tree. Ella stared at him wide-eyed, observing blood dripping from his snout.

As he approached them, causing the ground to tremble, Archer returned to his humanoid form.

When he neared the girls, Ella spoke up. "Archer, you were incredible out there," she said, admiration shining in her eyes. "But I couldn't help but notice something... different about you. Why did you consume the creature's heart?"

Archer hesitated as he sat with them, contemplating whether to reveal his secret. Taking a deep breath, he decided it was time to share.

"Ella, there's something I haven't told you before," he began, his voice filled with sincerity. "When I consume the hearts of beasts or humanoids, it grants me a small but significant boost in strength."

Ella's eyes widened in surprise, but her expression quickly softened into a warm smile. She spoke with a smile, "So, by consuming their hearts, you gain power? That's incredible! How did you discover this?"

Archer nodded and settled down next to them. However, as he did, Sera playfully leaped onto him, biting his ear while embracing him in a hug.

Ella and Teuila laughed at the two dragons, Sera calmed down and sat in Archer's lap as her tail wrapped around him.

Archer's fingers gently caressed her tail, a shiver ran through her body, accompanied by an endearing moan.

They sat together for a while, discussing the origins of his heart-eating habits and the creatures they had just battled. Eventually, they stood up, ready to continue their journey.

Teuila came up to Archer and gave him a collection of hearts she had gathered. He was pleasantly surprised by the amount she had.

Archer's smile widened as he expressed his heartfelt gratitude. "Thank you, Teuila. They will be useful."

She nodded, acknowledging his words. Ella and Teuila drew closer, embracing Archer in a heartfelt hug. Both of them kissed his cheeks and then let him go with smiles on their faces.

He spoke. "Let's get back to searching for a while, we still need to help out the town."

The group started searching again, he kept using Aura Detector as they walked finding nothing until pings appeared to the west.

He took the lead, with the girls following closely behind, talking amongst themselves. As they neared the origin of the pings.

Confusion crossed his face, causing him to stop and scan the surroundings. The sun was setting, and the howls of beasts grew louder.

Turning to the girls, he suggested, "Do you three want to go to the domain? I'm hungry, and we can continue our search tomorrow."

Agreeing with him, they followed Archer through a portal. Ella dashed off to the kitchen, followed by the girls.

Shaking his head, amused by their enthusiasm, and made his way to the balcony to read the spell books he had purchased.

Before he could delve into his reading, a brownie appeared beside him, offering a drink.

"Master Archer, Mistress Ella asked me to give this to you," the brownie informed him before bowing and disappearing.

With a grateful nod, he expressed his thanks to the little creature before it vanished into thin air.

He proceeded to gather a stack of books from his Item Box and carefully chose the top one, ready to immerse himself in its pages.

After an hour, he had managed to learn two spells. Archer picked up another book but before he could read it Ella called out to him.

As he made his way to the table he pulled up the notifications that had appeared earlier.

[Celestial Beam Learned]

[Elemental Fury Learned]

Curious, he pulled up the information for both spells.

[Celestial Beam: Summons a radiant beam of divine energy from above, dealing radiant damage to a target]

[Elemental Fury: Channels the power of the elements, striking a target with a combination of fire, ice, and lightning damage]

Archer joined the girls, engaging in lighthearted banter while they enjoyed their meal. Sera's tail playfully slid up his thigh, causing a delightful shiver to run through him.

He loved the feeling of it and grinned at her. She kept up with the teasing until they finished eating.

They all started cleaning up. Once they were done, they joined him on the balcony. He sat down and started reading when Ella approached him, but Teuila got there first and sat in his lap.

Teuila sat comfortably on his lap, engrossed in her spellbook. Archer smiled and observed Ella and Sera, who appeared a bit grumpy.

Chuckling at their jealousy, he remarked. "You girls can sit here next time."

The two of them smiled and began reading their own books, while Archer delved into his own. Several hours passed, and he successfully learned new spells.

[Solar Flare Barrage Learned]

[Celestial Arrow Learned]

[Chain Lightning Learned]

[Frost Nova Learned]

[Beacon of Clarity Learned]

[Aurora Borealis Learned]

After finishing their reading, they all prepared for bed. As they walked, Archer took the opportunity to review the descriptions of his newly acquired spells.

They got into bed and shortly fell asleep, Teuil was on his left, ella his right and Sera was curled up on his legs like a cat.

[Solar Flare Barrage: The caster summons multiple miniature solar flares that orbit around them before launching them at enemies in a rapid-fire barrage. Upon impact, they explode, engulfing the area in blinding light]

[Celestial Arrow: This spell creates an arrow of pure light that can be infused with the caster's energy and shot at enemies. Upon impact, it detonates, causing a brilliant explosion and inflicting devastating damage]

[Chain Lightning: Sends a bolt of lightning toward a target, which then jumps to multiple nearby enemies, delivering electrical damage to each]

[Frost Nova: Releases a wave of freezing cold energy, damaging and potentially slowing enemies down]

[Beacon of Clarity: When cast, this spell creates a focused beam of pure light that purges darkness and confusion. It dispels illusions, grants clarity of thought, and provides guidance in moments of uncertainty]

[Aurora Borealis: This enchanting spell conjures ethereal ribbons of vibrant, dancing lights in the night sky. It can mesmerize and distract enemies or create a breathtaking display for celebration and wonder]

When he woke up the next morning he had an idea about changing the cottage so he closed his eyes and began envisioning the treehouse expanding.

He imagined two additional levels, with the top floor becoming an observatory and the other floor transforming into a massive library.

Archer got out of bed while not waking up the girls and made his way up the staircase, he entered the newly created library, and his eyes widened in awe.

The empty shelves now seemed to stretch into infinity. Soft morning sunlight poured through the windows, casting a warm glow across the spacious room.

Archer approached the nearest shelf and began placing the spell books he had purchased, organizing them by their element.

After an hour of arranging the books, he stepped back to admire his work while holding the last book. The shelves were filled with numerous volumes, but there was still plenty of space for more.

Undeterred, Archer remembered that he needed to collect his gold from the guild for the bodies he had sold.

He was about to call out for a brownie as Teuila stumbled into the room, smiling. "There you are. The others are asleep. What are you—"

She stopped speaking as she entered the room and saw the library, her eyes widening in shock. She mumbled, "Wow. This place is amazing, Arch. Did you just create this?"

Archer nodded and replied, "Yes, I did it a little while ago, but I've been organizing the books I've collected so far."

Teuila smiled and began to walk around the room, examining the shelves, decorations, and the new view. After exploring, she turned to him and asked, "What are you doing?"

As he placed the last book on the shelf, he approached her and explained his actions, saying, "I have to go to Akhetemhat City to retrieve my gold for the bodies. Would you like to join me, princess?"

She regarded him with a deadpan expression, but then playfully punched him before bursting into laughter, acknowledging her agreement with a nod.

He opened a portal to the city and gestured for her to enter first, grinning. "Ladies first."

[Guild receptionist Rose POV]

[After Archer and the girls left the warehouse]

Rose set to work sorting out the mountain of hundreds of bodies the demon boy had brought in.

She turned to the butcher, who stood there with wide eyes. "Tarek, go get some guys and start working on this headache. I need to report to the Guild Master."

Tarek nodded, rubbing his temples in anticipation of the impending stress. He swiftly turned on his heels and made his way to the other butchers.

Meanwhile, Rose observed his departure and headed towards the adventurers guild to report the number of bodies brought in by a young man.

Walking down the bustling street filled with people leaving work to return home, Rose eventually reached the guild and entered its premises.

Inside, she spotted Rania behind the counter, who seemed to be in the process of packing up.

Rose approached her with a smile as Rania looked up.

"Hello, Rose. What brings you here today?" Rania inquired.

Letting out a sigh, she began to explain what the boy had done and how many bodies he had sold, causing potential chaos due to the hefty payout they would have to make.

To make matters worse, he had even sold them the giant, adding to her massive headache. Rania looked shocked upon hearing the reason for her friend's visit.

She stopped packing up and led Rose to the Guild Master's office.

Chapter 170 You're A Nuisance

They paused outside the door, and Rania knocked. A gruff, deep voice called out, "Come in!"

She opened the door, and both women stepped into the office, greeted by a warm atmosphere and colorful tapestries adorning the walls.

Behind the desk sat a slim man with tanned skin, deeply engrossed in reading some paperwork.

He looked up and noticed their presence. Gesturing for them to take a seat, he inquired, "What's the matter, Rania?"

Rania exchanged a glance with Rose, who nodded in agreement. She proceeded to explain the situation to the guild master, and as she delved further into her story, the man's eyes widened in shock.

Clearing his throat with a cough, he spoke, "Well, that is indeed shocking. What's even more astounding is the fact that this young man brought in an actual giant. It will undoubtedly fetch us profits beyond anything we've seen."

The guild master nodded, shifting his attention towards Rose. "You have my permission to pay him whatever the total is. Go and assist the warehouse. He will be back in two days. I'll arrange for some assistance for you."

Rose smiled gratefully. "Thank you, guild master."

However, before she could leave, he spoke up again. "Rose, promote the boy to Rank D. No one below Rank A could have killed a giant, as they are incredibly tough. But this is the best I can do for the boy."

She nodded, and the three continued their conversation. After a brief exchange, the two women bid farewell and left the guild master's office. Rose said goodbye to Rania and hurried back to the warehouse.

Upon her arrival, she discovered a dozen butchers diligently dissecting the giant's body, with blood staining the vast area.

Shaking her head, she joined in to lend a hand. After two days of relentless work, they successfully organized all the beast parts in storage rings and began selling them to Zenian traders.

With a sack of gold coins in her hand, Rose entered the safe room and placed it beside the growing pile of sacks.

As Rose surveyed the growing wealth, annoyance colored her words, "That boy is a nuisance, but a wealthy one at that."

The increasing number of gold coins prompted the guild master to enlist additional guards for the warehouse.

Rumors regarding the mysterious young man began to spread like wildfire. Even the mayor caught wind of the rumors and expressed a desire to meet him, dispatching his people to question her daily.

However, Rose had no information to offer them. Frustrated, she cursed the boy who had become a constant headache for her.

[Back to Archer]

Archer and Teuila stepped through the portal, finding themselves in an alleyway just a short distance from the adventurers guild.

Approaching the building, they entered and found a reception area with only a few staff members present.

However, there was a man behind one of the counters. Making their way towards him, Archer spoke. "Hello, is Rania here?"

The man raised his gaze, his eyes drawn to Archer's unique white hair and violet eyes. Yet, he seemed, unlike the way others had described him.

As he acknowledged both of them, he introduced himself with a polite nod. "Greetings, I am Ahmed. I assume you are Archer?"

Archer nodded in affirmation, and Ahmed stood up, requesting them to wait briefly while he disappeared into the back.

Teuila turned towards Archer, her curiosity piqued. "Are we merely waiting for the coins before completing the quest?"

Archer turned his head to meet her gaze. "Why do you ask?"

With a smile and red cheeks, Teuila explained, "Can I go purchase some spellbooks, please? I want to learn more spells to help you in fights."

He smiled as he pulled out a large pouch and made a request. "Could you please buy as many books as you can? You have a storage ring, right?"

Teuila nodded, taking the pouch and giving him a grateful kiss. "Thanks, Arch. Wait here for me."

Archer smiled as she left the guild and headed to the spellbook shop, while he waited for Rania.

After a brief time, she reappeared from the back with Ahmed in tow, and her eyes widened as they fell upon him.

Surprised by his unexpected presence, she couldn't help but express her astonishment. "What happened to your horns? And how did you manage to arrive here so quickly when you were supposed to be up north?" Rania inquired, a smile playing on her lips. "By the way, the shorter hair suits you."

Archer let out a chuckle and responded, "I can conceal them now it helps out a lot, and thanks Ella cut it for me. is the gold ready?"

Acknowledging that he had evaded her second question, Rania simply nodded, choosing not to press the matter.

With a warm smile, she gestured for him to follow her. They traversed through one room and then another, eventually descending a flight of stairs.

As they continued, they stumbled upon a sight that surprised Archer a dozen guards lounging around nonchalantly.

She nodded at the guards, who returned the smile as they opened the vault door. Rania and Archer crossed the threshold, and his eyes widened with greed.

Before him, ten sacks filled with gold coins lay, a sight that left him stunned. Turning to Rania with astonishment, he inquired, "How much is the total value of these coins?"

Rania laughed to herself when she saw his greedy eyes, then composed herself and replied, "150,000 gold coins. Most of it is from the giants and orc bodies, which are rare in the south. Because of that, many body parts can be sold."

Rania then spoke again. "Oh and you've been promoted to Rank D. So when you've stored all this we will update your card."

He nodded and stored all the sacks of gold in his Item box and followed her back to her counter.

When they arrived, she asked for Archer's guild card, and he handed it over. Shortly after, she returned with a freshly issued guild card in a vibrant shade of leaf green.

Rania, holding the card, inquired about the progress of his quest.

Archer met her gaze and replied, "It's going well. I believe I'm getting close to completing it."

Rania nodded in approval and left to attend to her tasks. Archer, on the other hand, headed towards the bar and sat down.

The bartender glanced at the young boy and declared, "I'm not serving you at this time, lad."

Archer chuckled and clarified, "Oh, I don't need anything to drink. I'm simply waiting for someone."

The bartender nodded and went back to work. Soon, Teuila joined Archer, and the two of them left the guild together.

Entering a nearby alleyway Archer summoned a portal, and the two of them stepped into it to enter the domain.

When they walked out the other end, they found Ella, Sera, and Sheira sitting around the table, enjoying their tea. All three turned their attention toward them.

Ella's face lit up with a smile while Sera eagerly rushed towards Archer, leaping onto him and peppering his face with kisses.

Laughter filled the room as everyone enjoyed the playful display. After a moment, Sera settled down and hopped off Archer, while Ella leaned in to give him a warm welcome-back kiss.

Sheira observed the scene with a gentle smile, her heart filled with joy at seeing her little girl so happy and content.

Archer and the girls settled into their seats at the table. Archer then turned his attention to Sheira and greeted her warmly. "Hey, Sheira. How have you been? How are you liking the domain so far?"

Sheira's smile grew as she remembered how reserved Archer used to be, appreciating his newfound openness.

Taking a sip of her tea, she smiled and responded, "I've been doing well, young master. Thank you for asking. The domain is truly exquisite, and the people here are friendly and hospitable."

Archer smiled upon hearing her reply. The group chatted for a little while before he stood up and announced his intention to continue the quest.

Teuila and Ella expressed their desire to stay a little longer, while Sera offered to join him, a proposition he happily accepted.

After bidding their farewells, the two of them exited the domain and reappeared at the same location they had left from.

They headed west, where Archer had detected a ping the previous night. Sera was filled with excitement, bouncing around in anticipation.

Eventually, she caught up with him and walked by his side, a wide smile adorning her face. "I'm grateful that you allowed me to come, my husband," she said with gratitude.

He smiled at her and leaned down to kiss her, catching her off guard. However, she soon returned the kiss passionately.

They kissed for a few minutes before parting, and Archer gazed into her beautiful eyes before speaking.

"That's okay, Sera. You can come with me anywhere."

Sera became excited once again and grabbed hold of his hand as they continued walking. After an hour, they stumbled upon a large cave opening emitting a foul odor.

As they approached the entrance, Archer activated his Aura Detector and scanned the cave.

He started getting loads of pings coming from inside, he turned to Sera and told her what he discovered.

"Sera somethings inside the cave. Be careful when we enter."